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# Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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### THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS,

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, payable in advance.

*Persons ordering a change in the direction of the MAGAZINE should always give both the old and new address, in full.*

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued, annually, as a four page tract adapted to seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxillary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, an eight-page paper, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts, mainly relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society. Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20 for a LOAN LIBRARY may receive fifty copies, gratis, for one year, with postage prepaid.

*Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.*

It will also, *upon application*, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, *gratuitously*, should give annual notices of their desire for its continuance.

### REMITTANCES.

Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for any other purpose, should be sent to No. 76 Wall Street, New York City, by P. O. Money Order, or check, or draft on New York, to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, or money may be enclosed in a registered letter. Postmasters are now obliged to register letters at ten cents each, when requested. If acknowledgments of remittances are not received by return mail, the Treasurer should be notified at once.

### LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars at one time makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

### FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the formation of the will, should be strictly observed:—

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he, at the same time, declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto, as witnesses.



# SAILORS' THE MAGAZINE

AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND



Vol. 71,

MAY, 1899.

No. 5.

## WAITING THE TIDE.

Close moored, apart, as merchant ships may stay  
Beyond their sailing hour to catch, at even,  
Some tide to start them safer on their way,  
And bring them earlier to the desired haven;

So now, though bound to earth-born things, I wait  
Life's lingering tide, slow gathering to the flood.  
'Tis well—lest, rashly venturing through the strait  
To seas untried, I miss my way to God.

JOHN TROLAND, in *S. S. Times*.

## TO MY MOTHER.

BY A SAILOR.

I've wandered far from thee, mother,  
Far from my happy home;  
I've left the land that gave me birth,  
In other climes to roam;  
And time since then has rolled its years  
And marked them on my brow;  
Yet, I have often thought of thee,  
I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking on the day, mother,  
When at thy tender side  
You watched the dawning of my youth  
And kissed me in your pride;  
Then brightly was my heart lit up  
With hopes of future joy,  
While your bright fancy honors wove  
To deck your darling boy.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,  
When, with anxious care,  
You lifted up your heart to heaven—  
Your hope, your trust was there;  
Fond memory brings your parting words  
While tears rolled down my cheek;  
Thy long, last, loving look told more  
Than ever words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,  
No friend is near me now,  
To soothe me with a tender word,  
Or cool my burning brow;  
The dearest ties affection wove  
Are all now torn from me;  
They left me when the trouble came—  
They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,  
 Unpitied and unblest,  
 Yet still I would not have thee know  
 How sorely I'm distressed;  
 I know you would not chide, mother,  
 You would not give me blame,  
 But soothe me with your tender words,  
 And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother,  
 How brightest hopes decay;  
 The tempter with his baneful cup  
 Has dashed them all away;  
 And shame has left its venom'd sting  
 To rack with anguish wild—  
 Yet still I would not have thee know  
 The sorrows of thy child.

Oh, I have wandered far, mother,  
 Since I deserted thee,  
 And left thy trusting heart to break,  
 Beyond the deep blue sea;  
 O mother, still I love thee well  
 And long to hear thee speak,  
 And feel again thy balmy breath  
 Upon my care-worn cheek.

But oh, there is a thought, mother,  
 Pervades my bleeding breast,  
 That thy freed spirit may have flown  
 To its eternal rest;  
 And while I wipe the tear away  
 There whispers in my ear  
 A voice that speaks of heaven and thee  
 And bids me seek thee there.

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### YEARNINGS.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,  
 When the moon is new and thin,  
 Into our hearts high yearnings  
 Come welling and surging in—  
 Come from the mystic ocean,  
 Whose rim no foot has trod—  
 Some of us call it longing,  
 And others call it God.

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### THE SEVENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

The Seventy-first Anniversary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY will be held in the Lafayette Avenue Church, (Presbyterian) Brooklyn, on Sunday, May 7, 1899, at 10.30 A. M. The Annual Sermon will be preached by its pastor, the Rev. DAVID GREGG, D.D. and an abstract of the Annual Report will be given by the Secretary. All the friends of the Society are invited to be present.

The Seventy-first annual meeting of the Society will be held in the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry street, on Monday, May 8, at 3 o'clock P. M., when the reports of the year will be submitted, the usual business transacted and addresses made.

It is a pleasure to announce that Rear-admiral JOHN W. PHILLIPS will be present at the annual meeting on May 8, when he will be made an honorary vice-president of this Society. His services in the war with Spain will abide in the memory of the American people, all the more because he contributed some winged words to its list of battle sayings that will fly down the ages.



## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

SHIPWRECKED AND DESTITUTE. The past fiscal year has been marked by numerous wrecks, with appalling circumstances in the case of many of them, and great loss of life. Many of the rescued had terrible tales to tell. There were eight men from the *James E. Woodhouse*, which sank a few minutes after the crew took to the yawl; six from the *Jennie F. Willey*, which drifted about for twenty-three days, the men suffering with hunger and thirst, depending on catching a few fish and gathering a little water in a rubber coat when it rained, and all on the edge of insanity when they were rescued; three from the *Maynard Sumner*, rescued when hope was gone, her hull shattered and the vessel fast sinking; two from the *Ritter*, to the crew of which, when starving, the sea brought two cabbages and a turnip; rescued by the English *Rogers*, which was compelled by injuries in a subsequent storm to return to New York; six from the *Johanna Swan*, which lost fore and main and mizzen masts and boats, the main deck being almost flush with the seas when the masts fell. The tongues and lips of the men were swollen for lack of water, when two of the men made a condenser out of materials at hand, and the last match on board was used to light a fire under it, all the men making a ring around it to prevent its being blown out; the condenser furnished a little sickening water and their lives were prolonged until the rescue came; ten from the schooner *Fannie Arthur*, which lost masts and boats and one man, and the crew was starving when rescued; two from the *Emma*, which keeled over in a collision with another vessel, the men barely escaping with their lives; five from the *James E. Bayles*, all aboard having been lashed to the rail for three days without food or water; the captain's wife dying of exposure; three from the *Baranga*, struck by a sea which carried away the rigging, the rudder, the lifeboats, and careened the ship; four from a wreck off Hatteras; eight from the burned steamer *Delaware*, some of them showing the scars of severe burns, and all with a splendid record for discipline in the hour of peril; four from the *J. D. Ingraham*, three from the *C. C. Foss*; eight from the *David Wallace*; four from the *Mary Free-land*; five from the *Robt. A. Snow*; two from each of twelve other vessels, and one from each of fourteen other vessels.

Eight men were cared for at the Sailors' Home while hunting up evidence that would secure their admission to the Sailors' Snug Harbor, all of whom were admitted.

Many sailors were sent to Halifax, Hartford, Boston, New Bedford, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Washington, Baltimore, New London, &c., &c.

Many were also sent to the Sailors' Home for shelter, clothing and meals, whose poverty or misfortunes entitled them to temporary help under the Society's rules, although they had not been wrecked. Some of these had been drugged and robbed; some had paid such a large sum to crimps for the privilege of shipping, that is, for the chance to work at their trade, that but a dollar or two would be coming to them at the end of a voyage; some needed to be tided over for a few days until their ship sailed.

During the past year far fewer deadbeats and frauds, personating sailors, applied for aid at the Society's rooms, than in former years. The effort is made to test every applicant, and to contribute as little as possible to the pauperizing of multitudes of men in the name of charity.

This Society has \$12,000 to be invested under the donors' directions to use the interest only for the shipwrecked and destitute. It is evident to any one that the income from this fund is totally inadequate to the demands made upon it. An appeal is made to those who prefer to give their money to this branch of our work, to make the sum to be invested \$40,000. The Secretary who dispenses this charity, with all his abhorrence of making dependents on charitable funds, cannot see in the present conditions of sailor life what seamen would do in their sudden and overwhelming disasters without this Society's aid. Their cases of distress are pitiful beyond expression, and constant contact with them does not mitigate the facts or harden the heart. Therefore the most careful givers of money may give it to the shipwrecked and destitute with the assurance of having exercised their best judgment in the gift.

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At the Joint-Conference in the interest of seamen held in February Mr. J. AUGUSTUS JOHNSON, Capt. G. W. BROWN and Mr. JAMES K. PAULDING were appointed a committee to confer with the Legal Aid Society as to the enforcement of the law for the protection of seamen. At the conference held it was found that the Legal Aid Society was burdened with work and could not assume the cases of outraged seamen unless the support of a lawyer specially assigned to them could be assured. By subscriptions made by individuals and societies in interest, enough money has been raised to warrant the Legal Aid Society's undertaking for one year the work of compelling Sailor Boarding Houses to pay a license fee in accordance with the law, and of securing the legal rights of seamen in suits for violation of the same.

It is a pleasure to announce that a lawyer has been secured, and already some of the most recalcitrant among the boarding house keepers



have surrendered and paid their license fees, because they feared the expense of defending a case in court. Seamen's societies, to whom seamen often bring their tales of wrong and outrage, can now send them forthwith to a lawyer whose sole duty it is to represent them in the name of the Legal Aid Society, which is highly respected in the courts of the city, not only because of the high character of the men who have its interests in charge, but also because it has done a great work in punishing the oppressors of the poor in all ranks of society.

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THE Rev. HENRY M. BOOTH, D. D., who recently passed suddenly into the sight of the things he had faith in, was for a short time a trustee of this Society, and resigned his place solely because he removed to Auburn, New York, to become the president of Auburn Seminary. Inheriting from his father, WM. A. BOOTH, a strong interest in seamen, he showed at once that he had a good grip on the Society's objects and that he would advance them steadily by intelligent attention to details. Given the time, he would, in short, have made the model trustee, vigilant, earnest, conserving the good in the old and welcoming the better in the new. He allowed no class in Auburn Seminary to graduate without becoming acquainted with the missionary work of this Society.

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THE Rev. S. S. NICKERSON and the Rev. W. T. CROCKER, both of Boston, will address the workers among sailors in New York with the design of awakening their interest in the Conference of Sailor Workers to be held in Boston next October. The meeting will take place in the chapel of the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry street, at 2.30 P. M. of Tuesday, May 9. All workers among seamen are cordially urged to be present. These Boston chaplains will then go to Philadelphia for the same purpose.

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OCEAN voyagers are requested to take with them the circular of this Society which explains its plan for the division of the concert-moneys given in behalf of sailor charities. The White Star Line and the International Navigation Company regularly make the division which this circular suggests, and other lines do the same occasionally. The influence of voyagers on these latter is asked for, that its principle may be adopted by all. The circular will be mailed to any applicant.

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MANILA is a fine land-locked harbor into which, during two months and ten days of the past winter, entered 194 steamers and 105 sailing

vessels. If this country retains possession of Manila, no doubt a naval station will be established there, and its commerce will largely increase. It is no wonder, then, that this Society has received a petition signed by fifteen officers and chaplains of the army, and by U. S. Consul O. F. WILLIAMS, asking it to begin work among the seamen who throng its wharves. This Society is compelled to decline work in other ports which clamor for its aid, because it lacks the means. Shall it for the same reason fail to enter this open door? Specific contributions are enabling some church missionary societies to begin operations in the Philippines; shall specific help enable us to do the sailor work required in their greatest port?

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LOAN LIBRARIES. The master of the schooner *Walleda* writes of No. 9,434:

I feel that I ought to thank the Society for their good work and kind lookout for seamen in keeping us furnished with such good reading matter. Trusting that the Lord will uphold your good work.

The captain of the schooner *Lydia N. Roper* writes of No. 9,976:

I take great pleasure in thanking you for the use of your libraries, the books of which are very instructive, and I take great pleasure, and so do some of the crews, in reading them. Again thanking you and wishing you great success.

The master of the bark *Lottie Moore* writes of No. 9,977:

I beg to inform you that the library put on board, I know not when, is still in a good condition. I am ready to have it exchanged for one of your new ones.

The captain of the barkentine *Emita* writes of No. 10,071:

It is still on board.

The master of the ship *May Flint* writes of No. 10,313:

The library is in good condition and does not need changing; as the ship is to have an entirely new crew from captain down, I see nothing gained by the change. It is a fine library, for the use of which accept our thanks.

The master of the barkentine *Robert Ewing* writes of No. 10,365:

It has been on board during the winter, and the books having been read, it is now being exchanged for another. The crew always have free access to the books. The reading of the books is looked forward to by us as a great treat. We would tender you our hearty thanks for your kindness in providing us with this means of self-improvement.

The captain of the ship *Emily Reed* writes of No. 10,457:

I exchanged some of the books with the American missionaries in Singapore. This voyage the men that I had did not seem to care anything about the books. I would like to exchange the library for another, as I always read the books and find some of them interesting.



## A FEW TESTIMONIES FROM THE YEAR 1898.

"Our library is put on deck every Sunday morning and the crew take what books they want for the week." "I have enjoyed the reading of it very much and so have my sailors." "The library contains books well chosen." "The books are both interesting and instructive." "I have not been to sea for the last eight years without a library." "They are a great source of comfort to us on a long voyage." "I know it has done good." "It has been the cause of some of my crew joining the Templar Order." "I cannot say or praise it too much." "I should be lost without one." "Please accept my sincere thanks for the library." "I should like to have another." "I can assure you it is heartily appreciated." "We feel very grateful for the books." "In the name of the crew I thank the donors of the library." "The books have been read by the officers, crew and myself and much appreciated." "We like to keep a good library." "It would do the donors good to see the interest some of our men take in the books." "Sometimes we see every man with a book in his hands on Sunday." "I am glad to say a few words in praise of the library." "Many of the different crews have spent the lonely hours at sea reading the different books." "In returning it would like to thank you in the name of the ship's company for the many pleasant hours it has afforded us." "I have spent many lonely hours thinking them over and have found them most always excellent books." "I have been shipmate with your libraries for the past two years." "Hope the books will bring as much joy and happiness in the future as they have in the past." "I wish to thank you for it and also for several others." "I have always made a practice of allowing my crew free access to the library." "I think the men take more interest in reading." "I believe the libraries to be useful and conducive to good discipline." "It was a great comfort and blessing." "Many read the books who have need of just such reading." "The books have not been idle." "It has been read and re-read by myself and many others." "We always appreciate your libraries very much." "It has done lots of good." "It helps to enlighten the sailors and keeps them on board their ships when in foreign ports." "The library sent on board last year was enjoyed by the sailors." "I feel satisfied that we all, both officers and crew, were spiritually benefited, besides being instructed and amused." "Could the donors have observed the eagerness of the crew for the reading of the books they would be greatly encouraged in their excellent work." "Every sailor knows the value of the library at sea."

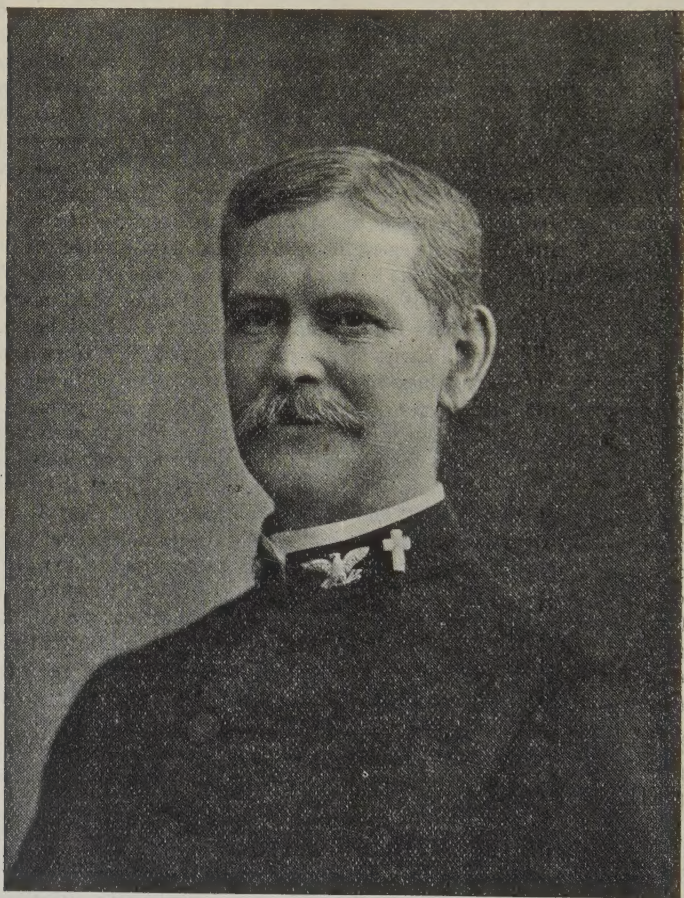
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THE SENIOR CHAPLAIN OF THE U. S. NAVY.

The senior chaplain of the Navy is the Rev. WESLEY OTHEMAN HOLWAY, D.D. He was born in Lowell, Mass., on June 9, 1839, was trained in the public schools of Boston and Cambridge, entered Harvard College in 1856 and graduated in 1860. Through the influence of a pious chum in college he was converted. Not able to pass the physical examination for entrance into the army, he preached in Maine, and, his health failing, he spent a winter in Cuba. In 1868 he was commissioned a chaplain in the Navy, the examining surgeon giving him "the benefit of the doubt" in the physical examination. During the first eighteen years of his service he spent nearly eight at

sea, serving in the South Atlantic, the North Atlantic and the China squadrons. During the past thirteen years he has been in the list of captains, a rank which entitles a staff officer to duty at home.

He has been especially interested in the apprentice work of the Navy, having been three times on duty at the Newport Training School.



While there he prepared twenty-two lectures illustrated with lantern slides for the instruction of the apprentices. These lectures covered the topics of the evolution of a war ship, naval history, our foreign naval stations and physical geography. He also compiled the course of calisthenics in use at that station and prepared the setting-up drill which is in present use in the Navy. It has been his habit from his first entering into the service to attend to everything that concerned



the well-being of the men ; instruction, athletics, the formation of book-clubs, &c. He started a gymnasium and magazine-club among some quarantined sailors—quarantined for bad behavior—which proved exceedingly helpful, not only to those concerned, but to the discipline of the station. It is not of course to be understood that he put the chief emphasis of his life on these secular helps ; rather, that he took a broad view of his duty as a naval chaplain ; regarding the physical and intellectual uplift of the sailor as important, though not as important as the religious, for he was never satisfied when attached to a cruising ship unless at least twenty-five sailors were converted before the cruise was over.

While fulfilling his vocation as a chaplain Dr. HOLWAY has had his avocations, and these were germane to his regular work and in the line of usefulness. In 1876 he began to prepare the Sunday School Notes for *Zion's Herald*, of Boston, the Methodist paper for New England, and with the exception of six months while on his way to China, his weekly contribution has been continued. At one time, while on "waiting orders," he was the editor of that paper, and has been a steady and large contributor to its editorial columns. He has also written for the *Youth's Companion*, and when Bishop VINCENT started the juvenile paper entitled *Our Youth*, Dr. HOLWAY wrote a serial story for it called "Rex Ransom's Trip to Far Cathay."

In 1896 Harvard University conferred upon him the honorary degree of D. D.

He is at present on duty on board the Receiving Ship, *Vermont*, at the New York Navy Yard. He is a member of the Naval Y. M. C. A. committee, and deeply interested in the new Y. M. C. A. movement, designed to establish Naval Rests near navy yards, and will with other chaplains render effective service in enlisting the interest of naval sailors, without which the plan will fail.

When Dr. DONALD McLAREN retired three years ago Dr. HOLWAY became the senior chaplain.

Even from this hasty sketch it is clear that Dr. HOLWAY has had a useful and honorable career as a chaplain ; a career which has received the respect of the Navy Department, of his brother officers in the ward room, of the chaplaincy corps, and of the seamen themselves. The peculiar temptations of a chaplain have been resisted ; his personal and professional character has never been questioned ; his interest in scholarly pursuits has never withdrawn him from the "daily task, the common round" ; and his ministry has been acceptable to both officers and men. To those who know the difficulties attending the chaplain's duties ashore or afloat, it will be evident that Dr. HOLWAY has dis-

charged them wisely and well, avoiding the errors into which it is only too easy to fall. It is evident also that to a consecrated chaplain in the Navy there comes an opportunity as vast as it is varied, and that it requires a man of peculiar gifts and graces to embrace it and to make the most of it.

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*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## AN ANCIENT STORY

IN THE POSSESSION OF THE VANN DER DEKKER FAMILY, TOGETHER  
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF A SINGULAR BURIED TREASURE CHEST.

BY Z. I. NAZBRYTH.

For more than five generations a tradition, or rather an old tale of the sea, has been transmitted from father to son in our large family, and although some accretions have attached themselves to this story, as has been the case with all oral traditions in the absence of actually written historical narrative, nevertheless this particular story is faithfully believed to be true by every member of our family.

My grandfather was past ninety years of age when he told me how the narrative thrilled his childish mind when told to him as he sat upon his grandsire's knee.

I well remember, myself a boy of ten years, how intensely interested I became when in our old New England home on a winter's Saturday night we had gathered about the kitchen fire-place, how we youngsters piled on the hickory, how the flames roared up the huge chimney, how the gale roared outside, and the great oaks creaked and bent as the blinding snow came in great gusts.

Then all were silent, and my father began the story while we drank in the tale and marvelled. The narration continued through four or five Saturday nights, and

after each nightly recital how timidly we climbed the narrow stairs to bed, and how we buried ourselves in the huge, billowy feather beds and fell asleep, dreaming of Holland (the home of the Vann der Dekkers), Java, the Indian Ocean, pirates, doubloons, and in fact of all sorts of impossible things.

Again on the long July evenings, as we sat beneath the trees in the apple orchard in the gloaming, my father would delight us with an absorbing tale gathered from the exhaustless and mysterious "book." What that book was we did not comprehend in our early years; when we were older we were told of the singular discovery of the more singular book. Of the nature of this book we will ere long furnish a full and detailed account.

My great great-grandfather, Petrus Vann der Dekker, was born in Welskue, a small hamlet not far from Amsterdam, in the year 1740. He is the hero of our tale, and first told of his marvellous experiences to his son, which have been told and re-told through the passing years, even down to this present day. The following is the



story, the simple story as told in 1780 by Petrus, at that time a man of forty years of age. He died in Amsterdam in 1800. His son Egremont came to Boston, Mass., in 1804; from him came the numerous Vann der Dekkers who are sprinkled thickly through New England.

#### THE STORY.

I, Petrus Vann der Dekker, first saw the light in the village of Welskue, Holland, in July, 1740. My honored father was a shipping merchant of Amsterdam, trading in ships to the Dutch Colony of Java. I pass by my childhood in which naught of special interest occurred. At seventeen years of age I had completed my course at the Latin school of Amsterdam, that old center of learning situated on the Bruicke Canal, where for centuries the youth of Holland had been educated. To make a finish in my scholastic pursuits, my father sent me to Bonn on the Rhine, to the great University. This was a rare chance at which I eagerly grasped. I matriculated at Bonn in due time and remained for two years deeply engrossed in the study of science and languages. I was aiming at a doctor's degree.

I received one Saturday night a letter from my father in which he informed me of the sudden decease of my dear mother, and at the same time begging me, as he was then quite alone and had fallen into a depressed state, and his business ventures not looking at all prosperous, to abandon my University career and return at once to Amsterdam. He desired me to enter his office and aid him with the laboring oar, in short to acquire the details of the business which he had inherited from his father, and transmit the same to future generations.

To make a long story short, with many misgivings and sacrifices I returned to Amsterdam, entered the family business and made such favorable progress that at twenty-one years of age I became my father's partner and to me he yielded fifty per cent. of a richly paying business.

I gradually became as deeply interested in invoices and bills of lading of sugar, coffee, indigo, cochineal and other Javan staple products as I previously had been in the race after science and in the pursuit of roots, verbs and phrases of half a dozen languages. I was always a very busy man, always energetic in whatever I attempted, and after the day's thought and labor what a delight it was to view from the outlook on the roof above our office our ships and brigs as they came from and sailed to the rich and valuable Dutch possession in Eastern Asia.

There was ever a halo of mystery and magnificence in my imagination hanging about the very name of Java and Batavia. I thought of those charmed spots by day and often dreamed of them at night, never expecting to behold that eastern paradise.

In the autumn of 1764 I suffered from great nervous depression accompanied with fever and calen-tures; for nearly six months I was no good to my business and a burden to myself. Good old Dr. Slykens, who knew my constitution and every bone in my body as well as our ships' repair book knew every timber, plank and beam in our ships, put his foot down and declared I must take a voyage to Java in one of our own ships; the sea air would make a new man of me, and a change of scene and diet would save my life. The very thought of this trip so delighted me that upon retiring to my bed

I slept through the entire night, a blessing which I had not enjoyed for more than four months.

I acted upon the doctor's advice and in ten days' time I packed myself aboard the good brig *Sleuth*, 293 tons, and sailed away through the Zuider Zee out into the North Sea, bound to Batavia. I pass by the wonders of the deep, the long day's sunshine, the glorious nights brightened now by innumerable brilliant stars fastened by the great Master workman's hand in the dark, silent, blue vault above, again doubly brilliant by the silver beams of the radiant moon lightening the wave caps and rendering the sea all about us dazzling like a very silver path.

It took one hundred and seventy-two days to complete our voyage, when at last down went the red iron anchor and held fast in the grand roadstead of Batavia. I was a new man, entirely renewed in tissue and fibre. I felt as if I could fell an ox, and entertained no doubts as to the possibility of eating the same.

I spent a little more than a year in Java, travelled from one end of the island to the other, climbed the glorious mountains and enjoyed the curious flora and fauna of this very remarkable island. I learned, too, the details of sugar making and many of the secrets in the culture of cocoa, coffee and many other valuable products, the knowledge of which proved of great value to me in after years in the conduct of my business. I made a close study of the india rubber and hard-wood forests, and my ships were the first to fetch into Holland the gum of the rubber tree and valuable dye-woods.

It was in December, (the 16th, I think), 1771, when I set sail for Amsterdam. As the anchor was

weighed and topsails sheeted home our course was directed seawards with a full moon shining down upon that giant mountain looming behind Batavia known as Gunong Salak, which rears its lofty summit above the clouds to a height of over 7,200 feet.

Our little bark, the *Opedoork*, had been at sea nineteen days when one sultry afternoon the first officer came aft into the cabin, and shortly thereafter the captain with "Chips," the carpenter, went forward, where they remained fully one hour. The captain returned alone to the cabin, and when I entered a few moments later I found him in a deep study, poring over a chart of the Indian Ocean as it lay spread upon the table. With an anxious face he was hard at work with dividers and parallels, with now and then a glance at a tell-tale compass which was screwed to a beam in the ceiling above.

I asked in alarm what was the cause of his anxiety, upon which he seriously informed me the four large water butts stowed in "the eyes" were leaking badly, and in twenty-four hours the ship's company would be reduced to a single water butt of two hundred gallons. To ensure the safety of all he thought it his duty to make for the nearest land to re-supply the ship with fresh water after repairing the water butts. "Now," said he, "the island of St. Paul's is bearing S. E. by S. 1,100 miles distant, but there is on my chart an islet 275 miles nearer on the same course. I purpose to run for this islet (St. Gobo), 875 miles distant."

As part owner of the bark and cargo I gave full consent and begged him to press on as rapidly as possible. No sooner were the words



out of my mouth than the captain shouted to the man at the wheel "Steady your course there; keep her S. E. (we had been running due east for ten days) and let her go at that!"

(*To be continued.*)

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*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## BILL'S IDEA OF JACK ASHORE.

FROM A SAILOR'S LETTER TO MISS ANTOINETTE P. JONES.

Jack isn't as bad as he is always put up to be. Of course there are good and bad in every flock, but a man in a uniform is more noticeable than in ordinary dress. If you want to win a sailor to Christ, love is the only way to conquer. Take him by the hand and lead him home, but first you must have a home he feels he is welcome in. Have something different from what he comes in contact with on board ship. Put him on a level with men who stay ashore and don't go to sea to defend their country's honor. Treat him as a man and he is as good as the one who stays at home and never sees life in foreign climes.

The reason he goes to the bar for grog is because he has no other place to go, as a rule, and the saloon keeper gives him the glad hand, and Jack being afloat in a strange land is easily led by the invitation, for he is like a ship without a rudder, adrift in a strange land with nowhere to lay his head. If there is a home and some one to bid him welcome he is just as easily led to the good as he is to the bad, if you catch him in time before the land sharks grab him.

So when you have him in tow make him comfortable and make him feel welcome. Let him have a good meal, for Jack likes something nice and tasty. Then a nice warm room to sit in and read in

and write a letter, the ink and paper right at hand for him, and then he is landed, provided you have for him a nice, clean, soft bed for the night. If you hav'n't the bed clean and soft, no good having the rest, for that will knock him off his course quicker than anything else, and off he will go on another tack, and of course no other place than the rum shop.

In he goes, gets all in a muddle, and don't know where he lies, and don't care, for he knows he is away from his home and friends with none to care for him, and he thinks he is making the best of his time. Therefore he is lost when a good bed and home might have been the means of bringing him to the Saviour and putting him on the road to the Home, Sweet Home, where he would meet his friends, never more to part.

[And "Bill" knows, for he was converted in a Home such as he describes.]

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## Pea-Jacket.

Capt. Marryat, in "Poor Jack," says that the article of sea-apparel called P-jacket got its name as an abbreviation of pilot-jacket. But the pea part is evidently from the old English *py*, a cloak, as in court-py. The Dutch word *pij* means a rough coat.—*The Mistakes we Make.*

## A CONVERTED RUSSIAN SAILOR.

A business friend of mine, a Greek gentleman, educated in Paris, was discussing with me a very interesting topic a short time ago, when it became germane to my side of the question for me to point to our porter, a tall, muscular Russian, a member of the Salvation Army, with the remark :

"There is a scientific fact, a man whose life was suddenly and completely changed. I call the phenomenon conversion : how do you account for it ?" Since then "Big John," as we used to call him, has passed from this earth, and it is proper to give his story publicity, to the glory of the only God who can save after this sort.

John Jurgens belonged to an ancient Swedish stock, annexed to the land of the Czar by some war of conquest. His father was a book-binder in Pernau. He followed the sea, and like many other rovers left his early Lutheran training behind him. When first known on the lakes his reputation was that of a fighter, particularly when in his cups.

His great strength, for he was six feet and nearly three inches tall, together with his lower nature ruled him. Of course he was unhappy, and so disgusted did he become with ways of life that at the end of a debauch several years ago he resolved to end his life. Taking with him a rope he went alone into the woods at Ashtabula Harbor. He first tied one end of the line to a limb and then used his sailor's skill to form a running noose.

But in view of the awful thought of appearing before his Judge, he knelt down and in his ignorance asked God to forgive the sin he was about to commit. His prayer

was no sooner offered than answered. Instantly the Spirit of grace spoke peace to his poor soul and he rose from his knees forgiven and saved. Returning to his ship he began to praise the Saviour.

In less than two weeks he was doing the same thing in the little Floating Bethel on River Street in Cleveland. The Rev. J. D. Jones more perfectly instructed him in the way of life. With the insight into human nature with which that rare man is endowed, he took the new convert with him to a meeting of the Salvation Army held at "No. 1 Barracks," in a hard quarter of Cleveland.

On his first visit John was moved to bear his testimony against the methods of the army, as being "too fussy, too much noise in your religion." The chaplain told him that he had been too hasty and hurt these good people's feelings by his criticism. Upon that John sought the captain and begged his pardon for having hurt his feelings, but he still insisted that he was right.

Upon looking into the matter further, however, he became satisfied that there was "method in their madness" and two weeks later he begged leave to join them, and was given the post of beating the big drum, which he did most effectually, everywhere showing his colors and bearing his testimony.

His life, however, spoke louder than word or drum. From a raging lion he became as tractable as a lamb. His Testament was his constant companion and was referred to many times every day. His life was that of a docile, obedient child whose hand was in the



of his Father. Every question was instantly referred to Him.

A fact that strongly appeals to men who are constituted like the writer of this, is that he busied himself in searching and paying his old debts to dram-sellers and boarding-house keepers. He paid all he owed, though a hard winter with no employment stared him in the face.

I shall never forget an incident which occurred soon after he entered the employ of our house. His duties, very humble, were conscientiously performed. One day he was engaged in cleaning the office windows, when a seafaring man, perhaps a captain or a mate of a vessel, entered. Passing by John he spied his Army badge on his vest, for he had now reduced his distinctive marks to this modest livery.

Moved by the spirit of deviltry, or, most likely, by that which is copper-distilled, he blurted out a string of blasphemous oaths right in his face. Once that would have been a dangerous proceeding, but not now. I looked to see what the other would say, for, though his was not the position of controller of morals of that counting room, the insult was too direct and palpable to be overlooked. Never shall I forget the mild, sad expression of John's eye as he replied in a calm tone:

"You don't know that Saviour as well as I do, or you wouldn't have the heart to use His name that way. He saved my soul."

That was all, but it was enough. Not another word of profanity was heard from that individual during his stay. Could there have been a wiser answer? Many more illustrations might be given to show the dynamic power of simple faith did the limits of this article allow.

But "the dear Lord," as I seem to hear the man call Him while I write these words, had use for this servant of His in another part of His kingdom, and before long, followed on foot in procession for miles to the cemetery by his fellow soldiers and others, his body was laid in the ground, there to rest until the resurrection.

His last days were darkened by disease of the brain following la grippe. In his delirium he attacked his attendant, a converted English sailor, a man who through the ministrations of brother Jones had been brought but a few weeks previously from the bondage of superstition into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

This man had been a man-of-war's man and had seen hard service for his country, but harder yet in the service of Satan. Though hard pressed by the giant John, now maniacal, his nurse bravely conquered him and treated him as gently as a mother.

"Before I was converted," he said to me, "I would have killed the man as quick as if he had been a mad bull when he came at me. I have seen sailors in the throes of delirium tremens, but I never saw such a madman before;" and the good man will carry the marks of the encounter to his grave.

Again at the imminent risk of his life did he go down alone in the night into the dark, cold river to rescue his patient. It was one of the bravest deeds of which I have any knowledge. And his experience was told with the utmost modesty the next morning, with no appearance whatever of bravado or embellishment. "Thank God, I was able to save brother John!" was all. Such as go down to the sea in ships, who do business upon great waters, are rarely

half-way characters. Through natural selection or through their surroundings and training, or all these, they have earned a reputation for genuine wholeheartedness, either for evil or for good. It pays to save such men.

And these two examples are only two of many who are being rescued from lives of outrageous sin and turned to lives of usefulness. I have heard many noted preachers, Beecher, Parker, Spurgeon,

Brooks, Dean Stanley, Moody, but I never heard a straighter, more direct and effective appeal than that of chaplain Jones over the body of the Russian sailor.

It may be that some who read these words are inclined to question the truths of Christianity. You require tangible evidence. What will you do with the changed life of John Jurgens?—*J. W. Walton, in Union Gospel News.*

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### KEEP A SHARP LOOK-OUT.

I am persuaded that our happinesses and miseries depend very largely upon ourselves, and lie considerably in our own hands. It is not the general impression, I know; but it is mine. We are not tossed about by some blind chance, as a bit of driftwood is heaved up and down by vagrant waves. Unlike the passive splinter, man has a will of his own, can devise means for helping himself, can steer his course between the boisterous waves, and can make for some happy destination. Of course he can lie passive, too, if he be fool enough, and so be the same sport of winds and waves.

Now it is to prevent unnecessary miseries that I am venturing to throw in a word of counsel to all friends who care to read it in this paper. Our life, let me say, will be a far happier one if, like the boatmen, we keep a sharp look-out. This then is my bit of advice, "Keep a sharp look-out!"

Keep a sharp look-out for dangers, in the first place. Dangers can be met if you see them coming, but not if you are taken unawares. It is when the look-out man sees the broken waters in front that he cries out "Breakers

ahead!" and thus the steersman is able to turn the ship's head in time to escape the danger. Once among them, no seamanship could possibly save them.

And there are rocks and barriers in life, are there not? Be sure to watch for them, and when you see them be sure to avoid them. Broken waters are as terrible for a life as for a ship, and in many cases as avoidable. And if so be you find yourself plunged into their midst, do not blame the waters, but yourself. If you had but looked out, you would have been sailing in smooth waters. "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Then keep a sharp look-out for your destination. A mariner never forgets where he is sailing to. Ask him at any hour of the day or night "Where are you bound for?" and, without requiring any time for thinking, he will tell you in a moment.

It is for the sake of arriving at some special destination that he is out on the broad ocean. He is on no mere pleasure trip on some gaily decked yacht, but on a business voyage on a trading ship, bound for some port decided on by the owner.



And if the winds blow hard and the waves roll high, if they only send him quickly to his port, he does not grumble. And so if a Christian bound for the Kingdom of Glory can only fill his mind with the blessed prospect before him, and be ever on the look-out for "land ahead," and try to trace out the faint outline of his new home, how much more happy his voyage is likely to be!

Keep a sharp look-out against possible collisions. Collisions are nasty things anywhere, but they are especially unpleasant at sea. But worse far than collisions between ships are collisions between people.

Not uncommon collisions by any means are these latter ones, and not at all to be laughed at. But they are to be avoided. All that is necessary is to keep a good look-out. For even supposing the rest of the world are away from their watch-towers, if you are there the danger may be avoided. You can keep out of their way, if they do not take the trouble to keep out of yours. It takes two to make a quarrel, and quarrels rarely happen unless both are off their guard. This is the reason that I would insist on the precaution of keeping a sharp look-out.

There are some, I know, who will deliberately try to run you down, and will find you out on purpose to pick a quarrel with you; but even under such trying circumstances as these you can dodge them by keeping an extra sharp look out.

Keep a sharp look-out for ships in distress. As you sail along you must expect to have many an opportunity of doing a good turn or two to others. Many a ship will come within hail, flying the distress signal. Some of them per-

haps will have sprung a leak. Others will perhaps have run short of provisions. Some probably will have some sick one on board needing medicine. Perhaps it will be a ship on fire, or a ship on the point of sinking, which requires your kindly interference. Don't let them signal to you in vain. Even if it be in the middle of the night that they come into view, be sure to see them and help them.

But this can only be by keeping a sharp look-out. We have lost too many opportunities of doing good to distressed ones in the past for want of eyes to see them. Don't let this occur again, but keep a sharp look-out night and day. Chances of doing good are such God-given ones that it is nothing less than a calamity when we let them slip by unused.

Be careful to keep a sharp look-out for likely changes of weather as well. Ships have often gone down for want of shortening sail just before a hurricane. With their canvas swelling proudly out, the gale has smitten them and they have heeled over in mid ocean with all on board.

And bad weather has been the ruin of souls as well, for in the balmy breezes and still waters they have been careless and unsuspecting, and when temptation has struck them they have gone down. There are many signs of bad spiritual weather which souls ought to know who have had any experience in the past to go upon. The lull comes before the storm. So does the oppressive air with its hot dullness; so do the leaden clouds gathering above.

And when in the matters of the soul the same symptoms present themselves, the spirit of lethargy, the spirit of oppression, the hiding of the sun of righteousness, be-

ware! There are storms brewing. The worst thing that can befall you then is to be sleepy and careless. So keep a sharp look-out, if you love your soul at all.

And, lastly, keep a sharp look-out for leaks within. Perhaps I ought to say "Keep a sharp look-in." Little leaks soon grow into big ones, and water in the hold means not only a spoiled cargo but an endangered ship. How can you stop a leak if you do not know of it? How can you even pump out the ship if you are in ignorance of the gaining of the water within?

You know what I mean by these leaks. When the spirit of the world leaks in, or the spirit of unbelief, or the spirit of prayerlessness then you are in danger. But such leaks are soon dealt with, if you only discover them. And so I say again, "Keep a sharp lookout!"

But do not attempt to stand at your look-out post alone. You need some one to keep you awake, to sharpen your eyesight, to bear you company. And only One is either available or able for all this, and that is Jesus. With the Lord Jesus beside you, you shall indeed keep a sharp look-out. With the Lord to run to, no danger shall be unseen, you shall never forget whither you are bound, you shall be delivered from collisions, you shall stand by the distressed, and you shall pass through the worst of squalls with safety.

Press forward then, dear friends, with all courage and calmness, assured that with Jesus as your blessed Helper you shall not keep a sharp look-out in vain.—*The Rev. Charles Courtenay, in Friendly Greetings.*

### NO PAY FOR SAVING SAILORS.

Hello, captain! I am glad to see you! When did you arrive? What kind of a trip have you made? Did you have that breeze hard? Are a few of the many queries, mingled with heartiest greetings, that were hurled at Capt. Lewis O. Johnson, master of the Gloucester fishing schooner *Mabel Leighton*, just in from a hand-lining trip on the Le Have bank, as he entered Gloucester Fishermen's Institute.

As he was not expected to answer each question seriatim, he simply drolled out: "Well, I am glad to be here. This has been an awful trip. Such weather! A broken trip—lost five days' fishing and had one halibut sour on us. But then, we are thankful to get back at all. I declare, it didn't look much like it part of the time.

Yet we managed not only to keep above water ourselves, but to save the crew of the *Sarah* just in the nick of time, and I suppose that that is something to be thankful for."

"Is that so? Tell me, how did you save anybody in that fearful gale?"

"Oh, there isn't much to tell you about it. You see, the old *Sarah* took the breeze hard; she was struck by an unlucky sea that was a little too much for her, so she sprung a leak. They pumped, bailed and prayed until we hove in sight. Then they set distress signals in the rigging and bore down on us. The night was coming on dark and dirty and their craft was fast sinking; so we saved the crew of sixteen men just before their vessel went down. My first thought



was to make straight for home, but when I saw how badly used up some of their men were, especially one of them, I made for Shelburne, N. S., the nearest port where I could get a doctor. That is all there is to it."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all."

"Did you get anything for saving these men?"

"Get anything for saving men? No. We never get anything for saving men. Sometimes when we manage to save gear the owners will pay a little something; but who do you think will pay anything for a few fishermen's lives?"

"Did you ever rescue any other lives?"

"Well, yes, a few."

"Tell me something about them, will you?"

"Well, once, during the winter of '92, when I had the *Emma and Helen*—a cold, snowy day on the edge of George's bank—I was hailed by the schooner *Unique*, who reported that three of their dories had gone astray. So I cruised around down to leeward until after midnight, when I found all three dories and the six men, who were almost perished. I brought them back to their vessel. I tell you they were happy men when we found them."

"Have you saved any others?"

"Well, yes; the next winter I was in charge of the *Grace L Fears*. We were to anchor on Brown's bank. It was a bitter cold northeaster, blowing a gale and snowing by spells. Just at dusk a dory with two men came drifting by us. I grabbed a line and threw it to them. It is a wonder it reached them, but it did, and we got them on board. Their dory could never have lived through that night, if I hadn't caught them just as I did."

"That makes twenty-four lives you have rescued within a few years and no notice has ever been taken of it?"

"Oh, well, you see, I don't go around talking about it. I am satisfied if I have done somebody any good. You know I have rescued three intoxicated men from drowning in the dock at dead of night, two of them last winter."

Here is a quiet, unostentatious man, who has rescued twenty-seven lives from watery graves. Surely such heroic and self-sacrificing service in saving human lives is of a higher and nobler quality than that which, to the strains of martial music on fields of bloody carnage, aims only to destroy life, and yet is dubbed heroism and receives universal applause; while the former is overlooked and forgotten.

Capt. Johnson was born a sailor, the son and grandson of sailors of the old Viking stock from the North Sea coast of Denmark. He has sailed on many seas; he has been tanned by tropic suns and defied Arctic blasts. He served three years in the United States revenue service, from which he received an honorable discharge. For the past five and twenty years he has followed the fisheries. Being sober, intelligent and industrious he soon became a successful master mariner, and now at the age of fifty he is one of the best types of New England skippers of this age.  
—*Boston Transcript*.

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Prof. Baird says that there is nothing to prevent a fish from living indefinitely, that within fifty years a pike was living in Russia whose age, according to tradition, dated back to the fifteenth century.

## AN INTERESTING OLD LETTER.

The following letter written by John McDowell Rice, M.D., U. S. N., nearly thirty-one years ago will be read with deep interest—the account of the raising of the first United States flag that ever waved over Alaska; the observance of two Sundays on two successive days; the graphic description of the storm at sea; and, above all, the beautiful expressions of confidence in the care of the Heavenly Father, are each and all well worth the reading. A pathetic interest attaches to the last paragraph of the letter, as Dr. Rice never saw his mother again. He died at sea, on the *Ossipee*, of a malignant fever, July 13, 1868, on his way from Central America to San Francisco, at the early age of 27 years.

U. S. Steamer *Ossipee*,

SITKA, Alaska, Oct. 29, 1867.

*My Dear Mother:* We had a very fine and interesting trip to this place from San Francisco, stopping at Victoria, on Vancouver's Island. At that place we were very kindly and courteously received by the officers of the English fleet, that being the headquarters of their fleet in the Pacific. I walked through the town, and of course took much interest in looking around the island, on account of the report that Secretary Seward was trying to buy the property.

We steamed to this place by the inland route—that is, inside of Vancouver's, Queen Charlotte's and Prince of Wales Islands. We arrived on Friday, and in the afternoon at 3.30 o'clock the ceremony of hauling down the Russian flag and raising our own took place. We went ashore with the captain and General Rosseau, in full uniform and with our side

arms. We were received at the Governor's house by the Governor and the Commissioners. The Russian flag was flying from a lofty staff before the house. Our troops were marched up and took a position on the right of the flag and the Russian troops were formed on the left. All the troops then presented arms, the officers uncovered, and the flag was hauled down, the Russian batteries and our ship firing a salute of 21 guns—we firing the first gun and alternating with the batteries.

A very curious incident occurred as the Russians were hauling down their flag. It caught in the cross trees of the flag staff; the man who was hauling it down, not noticing this, hauled away, and tore it from the halyards, leaving it hanging on the cross trees about fifty feet above the ground. Three of the Russian soldiers attempted to climb up and reach the flag, but failed. They then sent a man aloft in a bowline. Instead of bringing the flag down with him he either threw it or dropped it, and it was caught on the bayonets of the guard. The Governor at this was very angry, but the poor fellow had done the best he knew how. We then hauled up our own flag, and the salute was repeated. We all uncovered, and troops again presented arms. Three cheers were given, and we then adjourned into the house of the Governor and had refreshments.

On Saturday I went to the Greek church. We have had what I have often heard of before, but have never experienced: The Russians coming from St. Petersburg in the west to this place in the east brought their local time with them, and did not alter it as they



changed their longitude. They therefore are a day behind, and our Saturday is their Sunday; we have therefore had two Sundays in succession. The service is very similar to that of the Roman Catholic Church, but differs enough to make it very interesting.

After remaining here a week we left on Saturday. And now comes the reason why I am back here. We have encountered the most fearful gale which has been experienced in this place for years. Sunday morning we found ourselves off a lee shore, with the wind increasing and a heavy, ugly sea running. Our ship was put off shore, and we steamed out to sea. At 2 p. m. we were closely battened down, and now and then shipped a sea. The gale increased in violence as the night came on. At midnight we were in a desperate strait. All our boats, except the gig, had been stove in and washed away. Shot, gratings and ropes encumbered the deck. Our ports had been 'smashed in, and the water on deck was some four feet deep. We were like a log, and lurched heavily—every sea striking us with a force that we expected would drive in the ship's side. The water came down into the ward room by the ton, and the magazines were filled. The ship had over three feet of water in her, and the deck pumps could not be worked. In this strait, everything depended upon the steam pumps being kept going and our engines turning over. I heard a cry, and several men came rushing into the ward room. One of them cried out, "The engine room hatch is carried away, and the fires are out. My God, we are lost!" I had not undressed; I jumped up (I was lying on my bunk) and then I

made up my mind I must die. The wind was howling in a way I never before heard, and the ship was sinking in the trough of the sea, lurching heavily as each wave washed clean over her. Now and then was heard a crash as something gave way. I found the water was pouring down into the engine room, striking the boilers and being changed into steam, scalding every one around. On the fire room floor the water was knee deep, and slushing into the fire places. The steam went down to two pounds. We got tallow and oil and put them into the furnaces to keep the fires alight. Axes were also got up to cut away the bulkheads so as to have pine wood to burn. At the risk of their lives some of the officers and men went on deck and battened down the hatch. This kept out more water. Tallow and oil were again put on the fires to keep them up, for if they went out the steam pumps could not work and we would certainly founder. The pilot said we would not float for four hours if the fires went out.

With all this superhuman work, and by a special Providence we may say, we weathered the storm at last, and Monday night we anchored in this harbor again, not looking much like the man-o'-war that had sailed from here but two days before.

If I had never before believed in a protecting Providence I should now be a complete convert. We were very near death, but we were mercifully delivered. To Him be all the praise and the glory. May I endeavor to live more to His glory and rededicate myself to His service!

The people here say that this has been the hardest storm they have ever encountered. One ship

was sunk in the harbor, all were adrift with but two exceptions, and the damage to rigging and spars was very great. The club house had the roof blown off, and a large store house was completely destroyed.

May God bless and protect you, my dear mother, and grant we may soon see each other again. If I do not get home before Christmas, will you specially remember me on that day? And I, though so far away, will unite with you in spirit in approaching the throne of our Heavenly Father.—*The Hollond Reminder*.

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### Substance of the Shipping Bill.

[The Hanna-Payne Shipping Bill was not passed by the last Congress. The following is the gist of it.—ED ]

1. In order to obtain the earliest possible action pursuant to the policy of the United States above referred to, the bill provides for bringing under our flag and the protection of our laws the few foreign-built ships now actually owned and contracted for by American citizens, and in which and in their trade American capital has been and is actually invested. These ships have been built and their trade established under a foreign flag, because the ships could not be built and fitted out here and operated at a cost that would enable them, successfully, to compete with the ships and trade of foreigners, aided as they have been, are, and will continue to be in various ways, by their own governments.

2. The American registry of these foreign-built ships is condi-

tioned upon their owners building here and putting into our own trade at the earliest practicable time new vessels of a tonnage fairly proportionate to that of the admitted ships.

3. None of these foreign-built ships, or of the new ships so to be built here, are permitted to engage in our coasting trade; but they are permitted to engage in trade with such other ports belonging to the United States as ships under foreign flags are permitted to trade with.

4. All the owners of American trading ships now existing are required to undertake the construction of new tonnage fairly proportioned to that of the ships claiming the benefit of this act.

5. All these ships are required to carry the mails of the United States free of charge.

6. All the new ships must be built so as to be readily converted into cruisers or other auxiliary aids to the military power of the United States whenever needed for such purposes.

7. When needed, they can be taken or employed by the United States at any time.

8. All these ships are bound (in addition to the indispensable training of their crews) to constantly educate and train American boys for the various necessities of naval operations.

9. All the foregoing mentioned conditions and requirements being complied with, American vessels are to be aided and assisted in regaining and increasing our trade to distant ports by a compensation graduated (with one exception) upon the distance sailed and upon the size and speed of the ships.

10. The exception referred to in the last paragraph applies to sailing vessels and to slow steam-



ships, the maintenance of which is also essential to our maritime progress and prosperity and also to the strength of our military power.

11. Vessels engaged in the deep sea fisheries are also provided for upon the same policy of supplying to the United States a body of intelligent and experienced American mariners at all times, ready to serve our country when needed.

12. The respective compensations arranged in the bill have been computed, it is believed, upon the lowest basis consistent with the attainment of the great and urgent objects already stated.

—*The Marine Review.*

### Facts about our Merchant Marine.

British and German vessels carried 85 per cent. of our grain exports in 1897. Among 1,279 grain-laden vessels only seventeen were American, carrying less than 1 per cent. of the total trade.

No merchant vessel flying the United States flag passed through the Straits of Gibraltar or the Suez Canal in 1895 or 1898. In 1895 the steamers passing the Straits of Gibraltar numbered 3,938 and the sailing vessels 689. In 1898 the steamers numbered 3,554 and the sailing vessels 226.

The newspapers of Hamburg, the third largest commercial port in the world, said in 1897 that thirty years had elapsed since that port had seen the Stars and Stripes at a masthead.

In 1897, no American merchant vessels entered the port of Buenos Ayres.

In thirty-seven years after 1860 the tonnage of the United States

registered for foreign trade shrunk to one-fourth of its proportions before the civil war. In the same period the tonnage of the British Empire more than doubled.

It is only in deep-sea navigation, across the oceans or to South American ports below the Orinoco, that our shipping interests are weak. Four-fifths of our exports and imports are carried by deep-sea shipping, and American vessels carry only about seven one-hundredths of the total trade.

American shipping carries about one-half of the total sea commerce between the United States and neighboring foreign countries, as Canada, the West Indies, Mexico, Central America and the north coast of South America.

Our domestic water commerce, coastwise, great lakes, rivers and canals is by far the largest in the world, and is two and a half times greater than that of the United Kingdom, second on the list.

All signs indicate that in a few years more the United States will again engage largely in ocean transportation. The most important condition which will enable us to do this is the fact that we now produce steel so cheaply that we can compete with foreign shipbuilders in making steamships.

On the Atlantic Ocean our steamships have to compete with the fastest subsidized vessels afloat. On the Pacific Ocean, where American steamships formerly carried nearly all the trade between our Pacific ports and China, Japan, Hawaii and Australasia, we have now the competition of the heavily subsidized Vancouver lines and the new but already successful Japanese steamships. When we protect our shipping industry as we protect and promote our other business interests the United

States will not be long in again taking its stand among the greatest ocean carriers.—*The Sun*.

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### Admiral Sampson's Devotions.

An old navy officer, who had been a shipmate of Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson for many years, tells this story of him :

"I have never doubted Sampson's courage since the first cruise I made with him. We were ward-room officers together. The first night aboard ship, when the hour arrived for 'piping down' and turning in, there were several officers sitting around the wardroom table indulging in some innocent merriment. I was taught to say my prayers before going to bed at night, but I confess I lacked the courage to kneel down in presence of my shipmates and pray. It was warm weather and our state-room doors opened into the ward-room.

"Then it was that Sampson displayed the moral courage that forever afterward impressed me. He is a God-fearing man and always says his prayers before turning in. When he was ready to turn in he knelt down by his berth and prayed. A stillness came over the wardroom immediately, and I concluded that if Sampson had the courage to say his prayers in the presence of his shipmates I could do likewise, so I have never hesitated since to pray before turning in.

"Only those who have sailed the sea in a warship can appreciate how much moral courage is required to kneel down in presence of a lot of roistering shipmates and ask God's blessing.

"Sampson never makes his re-

ligious devotions offensive to his shipmates, but he reserves the right to be master of his own conscience, as he is master of the situation at Santiago to-day.—*The Florida Times Union and Citizen*.

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### Our Merchant Shipping.

Complete returns to the bureau of navigation, treasury department, show that the documented American merchant shipping on June 30, 1898, comprised 22,705 vessels of 4,749,738 gross tons, compared with 22,633 vessels of 4,769,020 tons on the like date in 1897. The decrease of 19,282 tons is more apparent than real, as 11,000 of this amount is due to dropping fractions of tonnage in the accounts, and 66,713 tons were sold to the navy and war departments to carry troops, supplies and provisions, and have merely changed employers.

The total steam tonnage amounts to 6,712 vessels of 2,371,923 tons, compared with 6,599 vessels of 2,358,558 tons for the previous year. The vessels sold to the government were all steam vessels, so the true increase is greater than the figures indicate. Sailing vessels have decreased from 1,904,153 tons for 1897 to 1,835,827 tons for 1898. Documented canal boats and barges amount to 541,988 tons, compared with 506,309 tons for the previous year. The increase is chiefly in barges, which are superseding sail vessels, especially in the coal trade.

Tonnage on the Atlantic and gulf coast has dropped from 2,647,796 tons for 1897 to 2,553,739 tons for 1898. The great lakes tonnage shows a slight increase, 1,437,500 tons, compared with 1,410,103 tons. The new Alaska trade has increased the Pacific coast marine



from 439,012 tons to 496,767 tons. Western rivers have decreased from 272,109 tons to 261,732 tons. New York State retains the first place, with tonnage reduced from 1,331,743 to 1,299,825 tons; Michigan is still second with a reduction from 477,602 to 458,100 tons; and Ohio stands third with 395,118 tons, an increase of about 6,000 tons. The greatest increase is in Washington, from 97,796 to 152,167 tons, and Alaska from 3,824 to 9,755 tons. New England shows a large decrease, and the Gulf States an appreciable increase.

Vessels registered for foreign trade number 1,136 of 737,709 tons, compared with 1,230 of 805,84 tons for 1897. These figures are the lowest since 1832. The decrease is wholly in sail vessels, of which 159 of 103,000 tons, or about 10 per cent., have been lost, laid up or gone into domestic trade

during the year. Registered steam vessels have increased from 222,136 tons to 245,059 tons. Through the greater efficiency of steam vessels, our fleet for the foreign trade does not show a decrease in carrying power.

The effect of the war is shown in the sale of eighty-four vessels of 35,411 tons to foreigners, compared with sales of 8,243 tons the previous year. The sales were chiefly due to high premiums on American vessels and cargoes, demanded by insurance companies during the brief period while mines and torpedoes were being placed in our harbors. The effect of the war is also shown in the admission by acts of Congress of 27,824 tons of foreign vessels to American registry, chiefly for transport purpose. During the preceding eight years only 55,902 tons were so admitted. —*Marine Review*.

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

### At Stations on the Foreign Field.

#### Japan.

NAGASAKI.

Mr. JOHN MAKINS writes on February 10:

Our work in Nagasaki is quite different from that of most seamen's missions, as the figures below will show: over 3,000 meals and 700 beds having been given during the last quarter, consequently our visits to merchant ships must be made during the intervals when war ships are away. So far, I am glad to say, the returning American troop ships have happened to come in during these intervals.

Since the last report many returning soldiers have taken advantage of the home and its comforts. It has been especially pleasant to care for our own boys, many of whom were sick and longing for home. It is sad, however, to see so many of our boys who were strong and healthy a few months ago, going back

weak and sickly. Two who recently died here have graves in the Nagasaki cemetery.

The following is our report for last quarter beginning November 1, 1898:

Number of American ships in port, 15, war ships, 2, English ships, 69, war ships, 7, all others, 140, war ships, 13; religious services held in chapel, 13, on shipboard, 1, elsewhere, 2; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 10, of others, 5; religious visits to hospital, 2, on ships, &c., 32; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 2, tracts &c., 1,230.

#### Holland.

ROTTERDAM.

The following appeal of a chaplain abroad, the Rev. J. JONES, tells a story that fits the experience of all chaplains:

Having labored for the good of British

seamen in the port of Rotterdam, Holland, since the year 1888, and during these ten years witnessed the dreadful temptations to which our British seamen are subject, I beg to be allowed to address a few words to my countrymen and women in an appeal for help in the task of winning, through God's grace, our dear seamen from the power of their great enemy and his many agents in Rotterdam. As soon as a ship is moored she is boarded by numbers of persons, men and women, whose sole object is to get possession of the sailors' money. A large percentage of these persons are utterly degraded morally, and deliberately lead seamen into sin. I have seen the gin bottle produced from the pockets of these persons and its contents given to seamen just to gain an influence over them to be used for the tempter's advantage.

When the seaman comes on shore his temptations increase. Women and men of the most vile character watch his movements, tempt, rob, and sometimes kill him. A British fireman was stabbed to death in Zand street last year. I have often picked up seamen who have been first stupefied, then robbed and left on the streets bruised and helpless. I have received personal abuse and threats of violence from these landsharks when attempting to rescue seamen from their clutches.

We endeavor, by God's grace, to help our poor, tempted brothers of the sea. First by presenting Christ Jesus to them in His glorious gospel as their very best friend and preserver. Secondly by providing a home-like Institute where they can obtain refreshments for body and mind; where they can write home to their dear ones; where they can have brotherly social intercourse, and, when necessary, cheap and safe lodgings.

A short outline of the history of a young seaman not yet twenty-one years of age as given by his own lips will best illustrate the usefulness of such a work as is carried on here. On March 9, 1898, I visited the *S. S. Carham of Sunderland*. The young seaman referred to accosted me as an old friend and in reply to a question said "I am bran new now." "How long?" I asked. He replied "Since the day I signed the pledge at your mission about four years ago." The next day he came up to the Mariners' Chapel and Institute and related the following story:

"When I was eleven years of age, one morning on the way to school I was accosted by a German captain who asked

me if I wanted to go to sea. Yes, says I and in ten minutes' time I was on board and set to work. In less than an hour the ship sailed. I soon learned to curse and drink and became wild and wayward. A few years after thus leaving home I was shipwrecked within sight of my mother's door. I was ashamed to go home, especially as I was in such a miserable condition and had never written since I left home. I walked to S. Shields and sailed in another ship. I became a drunkard and when in port began to sell my clothes and all I had for drink. I tramped hundreds of miles from port to port seeking a berth when on my beam ends.

"About six years after I left home I found myself with a shipmate sitting on the doorstep of your mission. We were both drunk. The lamp over the door was lighted; I looked up at it and read the words on it and thought I would go in. We both stumbled up stairs and found you had a tea on. We sat down with the others, drunken and ragged as we were, for we were made welcome. After tea we got sobered and you talked to us and we both signed the pledge, which I have never broken.

"After completing that voyage I went to my long deserted home; neither father nor mother knew me, but when they realized that their wandering boy had at last come home, how they and my other relations did kiss and hug me. There were great rejoicings over the prodigal's return.

"Three months afterwards my poor shipmate was washed from my side overboard by a heavy sea. As he was going over he shouted 'Jack, I'm gone; tell my mother where I am.' I saw him no more. The sea was too rough to do anything to save him."

Thank God that He does still pluck brands from the fires of sin, as in the case of our young friend, who is now a noble specimen of the British seaman.

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### Uruguay.

MONTEVIDEO.

The Rev. GEO. P. HOWARD writes on February 23:

I devote every Sunday afternoon to visiting the ships. Ours is an open port, vessels all anchored in the bay and the captains seldom use their own boats. The ship chandlers supply tenders for the week-day, going off and coming on shore; but these steam launches lay up Sundays,



ence I find the men and officers on board and my visits are well received and the literature (well selected), secular and religious, much appreciated. I make use of a good size row-boat for the Sunday visits, manned by two of the best boatmen of our harbor, one of them a Christian, a convert of our Spanish mission here. I hope as soon as I become better acquainted with the captains to be able to hold services on board some of their ships.

Religious services held in chapel, 28; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 10, of others, 60; religious visits to hospitals, 7, on ships, 28, in boarding houses, 2; tracts, &c., distributed, about 800 pages.

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## New Zealand.

### DUNEDIN.

In a recent report of the Sailors' Rest the following passage occurs:

"Very frequently during the course of the year social gatherings take place at the Rest and are much appreciated by the seamen. Another branch of our work, and certainly not the least (for frequently it overreaches our resources), is to help as much as possible destitute seamen. Many friends ashore are little aware of the deep temporal need of numbers of these men and lads. Drink is the cause of much sorrow amongst seamen. Doubtless the activity of Christian workers, sailors'

Rests, Homes, etc., have borne their share in mitigating this evil. We have gospel meetings every Friday and Sunday evening. It is no uncommon thing to see Britons, Americans, Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, French, Italians, Russians and men of other nations joining together in a hymn or quietly listening to the gospel of God's grace—not unfrequently from the lips of one of their own number. We could readily fill a large volume with extracts from sailors' letters telling of blessings received. We give what time we can spare to the weary, sick, and dying, more especially seamen in the hospital or in boarding houses."

From the foregoing some idea can easily be gathered of the far-reaching benefits sought to be conferred upon seafaring men by the Sailors' Rest. The work is done quietly and unostentatiously, but thoroughly, and the efforts of this band of workers are appreciated. In conversation with one of our reporters the other day, the captain of one of the vessels now at the wharf expressed himself in terms of high admiration of the manner in which the Rest was conducted. He had had years of experience of sailors' Rests in every part of the world, but the one in Dunedin was quite different from all others. The meetings were largely attended, and he found that the seamen appreciated and spoke well of the efforts that were being put forward on their behalf. As regards Mr. FALCONER, the captain said that all the sailors had a good word for him.

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## At Ports in the United States.

### Massachusetts.

#### GLOUCESTER.

The Rev. EMANUEL CHARLTON writes on March 31:

We have had a prosperous winter's work, I think on the whole the most satisfactory in our history. Though the congregations are not as large as they were some two years ago, the results in year conversions have been better, and I have gone through the winter's campaign with apparently less expenditure of nervous force than any previous winter.

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## New York.

#### NAVY YARD.

The Rev. G. B. CUTLER writes on April

Some of the most interesting and helpful meetings have been enjoyed during the month past. While all the ships (but two in commission) have left the yard, and chaplain STEELE'S entrance upon his work at this point has left us for the month with but ten or twelve public services, yet our daily visits among the men and personal talks with them, and a judicious distribution of helpful reading matter, has made this month's work excel that of any other during the half year of our chaplaincy here. Fifty-eight men in our meetings have in a very serious way publicly asked to be remembered in prayer. Several noble Christian young sailors have recently left us for distant fields of service.

One stalwart sailor in a recent meeting remained to talk with me of his great desire to live a Christian life. Others with deepest pleasure have told me of their

home life, of Christian parents, of the hope of their friends that they might be led to Christ. And so we endeavor to stand between as a link uniting them to all that is best in their memory of home and happy childhood and that which is beyond. In this sort of personal work God is surely blessing us. I will add one of the letters received recently from a sailor led to Jesus here during the past fall whom I followed with letters and prayers:

"*Dear friend:* I received your kind and welcome letter on February 28, and was so glad to hear from you. When we were at San Francisco we had a good time, because the Christian mission people used to come on board, and we had such good times. I do thank the Lord for it. It did my mates good. Oh, I will trust in my Lord, I know He will help me in time of trouble. You did the men good. I always say a few words for you before I go into my hammock, asking Him to help you in your work for sailors. If I can find your own dear brother [Capt. CUTLER, who sails from Honolulu] I will tell him all about what you have done for us sailors. Honolulu is a nice place. I hope we will get liberty, for I would like to find some missionary people ashore here.

'Yours in Jesus' name,

R. B."

Nothing is more effectual for good than a saved sailor. May the time come when the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto Him. What a field it is, and oh that men would realize it in its fullness and contribute of their means in this direction till the crested billows should find an answering song of Christian praise from every ship that rides them.

## Virginia.

NORFOLK.

The Rev. J. B. MERRITT writes on March 31:

The Sabbaths of the past winter have been very inclement; perhaps the worst I have seen in my life, and this has militated somewhat against the attendance at religious services. The report of the chaplain at Valparaiso in the April number of the Magazine strikes me very forcibly. I have preached to about four hundred men during the quarter; on the other hand I have certainly been permitted to give religious reading matter to four thousand men on shipboard.

Sometimes I can reach forty men on a single ship that will remain here but a day or two; so I say the chaplain is correct when he says that in this age of steam much that we do is to be done outside the Bethel services.

There have been five deaths among my sick. I am sorry to say that only two gave any evidence of preparation for death. We have had several shipwrecked crews whose wants have been looked after. The service rendered is, I trust, accepted by God, and in many instances appreciated by the sailor. Occasionally when discouraged a letter comes from someone who tells of temporal blessings conferred or of spiritual mercies received here.

I trust that all who read this and are interested in religious work among seamen will pray for God's blessing upon the service for seamen in this port.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 241, all others, 28; religious services in chapel, 26; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 13, of others, 6; religious visits to hospitals, 92, on ships, 269; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 43, tracts, 24,000 pages.

## South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

Mr. H. G. CORDES writes on March 31:

From now on shipping will be dull until our season opens again next September, when the cotton crop is to be moved across the Atlantic. The work has been fairly good for the past season, and the attendance at Bethel very good for the number of vessels that have arrived at this port. The Clyde Steamship Company runs six vessels to this port weekly; they have all the freights it's possible for their ships to handle, a part of which consists of what schooners formerly carried: consequently the decrease in coastwise vessels. Our new tin roof on the Home has been finished; also some repairs to Bethel. There is more to be done in the repair line, but for the lack of funds this work will have to be suspended until such time as the Port Society is in a better financial condition to meet the same. The society is fortunate this year in its anniversary speaker, the Rev. Dr. PEYTON H. HOGG, of Wilmington, N. C.

From a sailor on a schooner:

"While in Charleston at the Bethel I enjoyed myself much in hearing the good word preached and God's praises so ad-



irably sung. Am unable to state when will be with you all again, but I am in spirit, and you have my prayers, trusting that many weary toilers of the sea will come out on the Lord's side, for those who will put their trust in the great Pilot, He will steer clear of all breakers and to victory. My kindest regards to all the good helpers, Mrs. HOPKINS, Mr. J. H. DROSE, and others; tell them to keep up the good work."

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 34, all others, 29; religious services in chapel, 39, in hospital, , elsewhere, 8; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 14, others, 14; religious visits to hospitals, 16, on ships, 66; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 41.

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Charleston Port Society was held at the Chamber of Commerce on March 16. President GEORGE W. WILLIAMS was in the chair, Mr. S. E. WELCH acted as secretary, and the attendance of members was quite large. The first business to come before the society was the annual report of the president, which was in part as follows:

The Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, assisted by Capt. H. G. CORDES, are doing active and satisfactory work in looking after the comforts of the sailor and distributing Bibles, Testaments and a variety of tracts, newspapers and the like.

As the Bethel suffered severely by the earthquake and cyclones it will require nearly a thousand dollars to put the building in good condition. A new roof for the main building and repairs from bottom to top must have early attention. The whole building requires thorough repairs before a chaplain's family can occupy it. This should be attended to at the earliest day practicable.

In the present financial condition of the society and the necessary outlay to be made in repairs the officers and board of trustees recommend that the election of chaplain be postponed for the present and that they avail themselves of the kind offers of the city clergy, visiting ministers and Christian workers to conduct the services until a chaplain is elected.

Capt. H. G. CORDES, who is superintendent and acting secretary of the Sailors' Home, and who has had much experience, is doing good work among the seamen. He reports the work done the past year as follows: Religious services, 132; number of seamen present, 1,551;

number of landsmen present, 2,818; number of visits to vessels, hospitals and jail, 300; number of Bibles and Testaments donated, 230; number of books, magazines and newspapers donated, 17,985.

For nearly half a century the late chaplain, WILLIAM B. YATES, gave the best years of his life in building up the Charleston Port Society. No chaplain ever worked more faithfully for the tempest-tossed sailor than did "Parson Yates," as we all called him. To lovely woman are we indebted for the first effort in Charleston, and I might say in the world, to provide the preaching of the gospel to the seamen. This was in 1819. In 1839 the Port Society purchased the commodious brick building on Market street, near State street, now known as the Sailors' Home, at a cost of \$8,500. More than thirty thousand sailors have, from time to time, been sheltered in this comfortable Home.

Dr. CHARLES S. VEDDER made the following touching allusion:

The departure of our chaplain, the Rev. C. E. CHICHESTER, has called forth so many and such varied tributes of respect and regret from all classes and organizations of our city that we do not need to recapitulate the facts of his life, so prominently lived amongst us, and touching the life of our community at so many points. This has been elsewhere and fully done. It remains to the Charleston Port Society, which he served so indefatigably and effectively, to bear its testimony to his high character and self-sacrificing spirit as a Christian minister; his practical and executive ability in the administration of the business affairs of the Sailors' Home; his gentle and attractive manner and great wisdom in dealing with the seamen, whom it was his duty and pleasure to influence for good, and his realization of the definition which Holy Writ has given us of the ideal laborer in the vineyard of divinely appointed service—"a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

Upon the bier of its lamented chaplain the Charleston Port Society would lay the tribute of its sincere sorrow for its loss, its gratitude that it had, for so great a number of years, the labor of his hand in its work, the love of his heart for the sailors whose welfare it seeks, and the example of his life of consistent and unfeigned piety.

And the Port Society begs to convey the assurance of its profound sympathy with the bereavement of the widow of our chaplain, who was so devoted to him in

the dear companionship of the most sacred human tie, and so unwearying a helper in the work to which he gave his life.

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## Louisiana.

### NEW ORLEANS.

Mr. JAMES SHERRARD has been appointed to succeed the Rev. R. E. STEELE, now chaplain of the U. S. N. A New Orleans paper devotes much space to Mr. SHERRARD's work. A few extracts from its appreciative article are as follows:

Surely there is no port where seamen are more cordially welcomed than in New Orleans. Mr. JAMES SHERRARD, the superintendent of the Seamen's Bethel, visits every steamer that comes into port and extends the following cordial invitation, which is printed under a picture of the Bethel in blue letters:

"While in port you are cordially invited to enjoy the following privileges free: Reading room open from 8 a. m. to 9.30 p. m., supplied with newspapers in many languages. Checkers, dominoes and writing material. Church every Sunday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Concert and tea every Saturday night at 8 o'clock. Ask at the Bethel for papers to read on the voyage home."

Very few seamen fail to avail themselves of the courtesy offered, and when Saturday evening comes there is a good audience assembled and among them many an "old salt" who listens with eagerness to the entertaining programme of music, song and recitations rendered by the young ladies and gentlemen of the city who take pleasure in entertaining the sailors in port.

Every Sunday evening there are services held in the chapel, which are conducted by the pastors of the city or by the superintendent. Rooms are provided for sailors not on ships. A few nights ago there were seventeen of the wrecked schooner *Marjorie's* crew sheltered and entertained there until they could get away to their homes. The ladies of the churches furnish the seamen with comfort bags.

The Bethel is run at an annual cost of \$3,000, which is from voluntary contributions, save \$300 which is donated by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, of New York.

The Bethel is a popular resort with the seamen. It is located near where the

large ships' docks are and is easily found from its tall flag staff, which floats a pennant bearing the words "Seamen's Bethel," and by night a red light leads the way. It is not a popular resort with the mixers of grog, for it keeps many a customer away from their places of business.

Mr. JAMES SHERRARD writes on March 31:

"Number of religious visits made on ships, &c." I answer 279. Some of these visits might not strictly be classed religious, as they were made to invite the sailors to the Bethel concerts and religious meetings, but I always distribute our invitations, which are accompanied with a gospel message. I have not included our Saturday night concerts and teas among our religious meetings, though we have a good, pointed talk by some minister as part of each programme, and there are a great many more sailors present than at the regular religious services.

"Number of ships in port" includes those that take in their cargo at Port Chalmette below the city and at Westwego above and on the other side of the river, and Southport above the city limits. They are out of reach of the Bethel except for occasional visits.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 154, all others, 291; religious services in chapel, 15, in hospital, 10; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 11, of others, 18; religious visits to hospitals, 14, on ships, &c., 279; Bibles, Testaments and gospels distributed, 301, tracts, &c., 1,260.

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## Washington.

### SEATTLE.

The Rev. THOS. REES writes on March 2:

Twenty-one have risen for prayers, two sailors converted. The weather is so variable for meetings on the wharves we have opened an afternoon meeting in the Bethel on Sundays and we had a sailor converted at the first meeting. Our nightly meetings have maintained a fair average. Considering the number of stormy, wet nights we have had, we have had a good attendance, fine attention, and some results at nearly every meeting. Quite a number of our workers have been sick with colds, but we have kept pushing forward and have been kept, bless God. I was once at Port Blakely and found seven ships there and supplied them with reading matter. I have been very glad



the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and the number of helpful things in it, especially beneficial to the sailor fraternity. I hope it will be duly appreciated. There are still two and three steamers per week to Alaska, not with full lists of passengers, but a good many. Numbers are coming back ruined, their places to be filled by others who are more optimistic. It makes me feel as if when I found Jesus Christ I found a gold mine, of whose wealth the world has never been told.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 16, all others, 2; visits to ships, 43, to boarding houses and sick rooms, 7, to hospital, 4; average attendance of sailors, 8, others, 60; Bibles distributed, 2, tracts, 85.

Also on April 1:

I have been in Port Blakely twice; on my first visit I found 7 ships, on my second 12 ships. The shipping at Seattle is largely made up of steamers; this means hurry and bustle with little time for Jack to attend to his soul, and the opportunity for visiting poor. The work at the mission is pushed; we have a meeting every night and two on Sundays, requiring constant study. Twenty-three rose for prayers, and there were 4 sailor conversions and 3 others. Our heart is in constant love with the work, and we are living in obedience to God's will as far as understood. One ship is loading for Manila with government supplies. Puget Sound possesses all the facilities for shipping that can possibly be needed, and is the most beautiful sheet of water in the world, at least as far as my knowledge goes, which is not small by any means.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 18, others, 1; religious services held in Bethel, 24; average attendance of sailors, 6, of others, 55; visits to ships, 45, to boarding houses and sick rooms, 13, to hospital, 4; Bibles distributed, 1, tracts, 110.

## Oregon.

### PORTLAND.

The Rev. A. ROBINSON writes on March 1:

I should have written you before this but my time has been so taken up that I have had to deprive myself of rest in order to carry out my plans of work. Father FLETCHER sent you the *Oregonian* several times, he told me, which contained articles on our work against the crimps. Mr. QUACKENBUSH has given his entire time

to this subject. He has done what very few people would have done if they could. He did not leave a stone unturned in his efforts to get the bill presented to the legislature. You know it was defeated. And yet I do not think that all this valuable service was performed for nothing. In fact the agitation of this subject has developed a strong sentiment in Portland which will be very helpful to our work. The knowledge of crimping in the past has largely been confined to the shipping fraternity and people along the water front, but now the system of the whole syndicate has been publicly exposed, and the port is more ready to resent wrongs in the future. We are all anxiously watching how the crimps will evade the new United States law.

At present we have over twenty British ships in port to load grain. The prospect is, however, that several of them will lay up till next season as freight is low.

Mr. FLETCHER reports having distributed 992 religious papers, 144 magazines, 572 pages of tracts, 88 picture cards, and 5 comfort bags.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 8, all others, 32; religious services held in chapel, 41, elsewhere, 8; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 42, of others, 22; religious visits to hospitals, 7, on ships, 57; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 14.

Mr. W. S. FLETCHER writes on March 29:

I have made the past year 597 visits to ships and distributed 6,819 religious papers, 1,010 magazines, 5,312 pages of tracts, 1,469 picture cards with Scripture texts, 4 Bibles, 20 New Testaments, 22 comfort bags and 163 calendars. I have visited the hospitals and attended to the wants of our seamen when there was opportunity offered. I attended two funerals of our seamen and have tried in every way to better their condition.

I have received from the Grace Methodist and Taylor Street Churches of this city \$10 worth of tracts, and from the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY one package of tracts and a package of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE every month for our seamen's work, for which I desire to return them thanks, and also to families and friends who have so graciously supplied me with such an abundance of choice reading matter for our seamen. Meeting with so many of the captains and their families, and officers and boys that

have been here off and on many times, makes it most pleasant to me in my ship visiting. I receive many encouraging letters from them and their friends from their home ports, and it is gratifying to me to know that I still find a place in their sympathy and love to me for the many little kindnesses I try to do for them while in port with us.

My Bethel work has not been so prosperous as in the years gone by on account of the unseasonable hour of giving our seamen their tea, which, in my experience, ought to be given before our services and not after, as it is now. I have always found it best to follow the services with a warm exhortation and prayer-meeting, and by bringing the truth of the Bible home to them there and then. I have seen good results from such services. I have been enabled to get some of the officers and men and boys from their ships to attend the night meetings which were held at Grace Methodist Church by Mr. CRITTENDON for ten days, which resulted in the conversion of the second officer of the ship *Norma*, and some of the boys and men from other ships.

### The Planets for May, 1899.

MERCURY will be visible in the south-east before sunrise for a few days about May 10.

VENUS will continue to be a brilliant object in the morning; decreasing in brightness, and moving nearer the Sun.

MARS will be visible in the evening, decreasing in brightness.

JUPITER will be a conspicuous object most of the night.

SATURN will rise about 9 p. m. and will be visible in the south-east and south the rest of the night.

URANUS may be seen as a faint star just visible, a little east of the star  $\beta$  Scorpii.

Princeton.

T. R.

### Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

MARCH, 1899.

Total arrivals..... 119

### Receipts for March, 1899.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

Dunstable, A friend.....	\$10 00
Southampton, E. W. Birge, for a library in name of Raymond Thayer Birge .....	20 00
West Brookfield, Mrs. Ella M. Sherman.....	12 00

#### CONNECTICUT.

Bethlehem, Rev. Chas. L. Ayer, ... Farmington, First Congregational Ch. Sunday School.....	1 00
Greenwich, Second Congregational Church.....	39 87
Hartford, Edward S. Worcester .....	3 00
Milford, First Congregational Church	3 28
New Britain, South Church Sunday School, for library .....	20 00
New London, First Church of Christ.	7 41
Norfolk, Congregational Church.....	20 38

#### NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Sunday School of Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church, for library.....	20 00
Harrington Putnam, for library ...	20 00
Bridgehampton, Sisters, in memory of John E. Corwith .....	20 00
Gravesend, First Reformed Church.	30 44
New York City, income from bequest of J. H. Kellogg, for libraries....	90 00
Serena Rhinelander.....	50 00
Tiffany & Co.....	50 00
Brick Presbyterian Church.....	50 00
John D. Rockefeller.....	50 00
Miss M. L. Ackerman, for libraries	40 00
Collections on board the steamers of the International Navigation Co.'s lines, received per H. G. Philips, cashier.....	33 88
Wm. N. Crane.....	25 00
Dr. E. P. Hoyt, for library.....	20 00
Mrs. Charles B. Tompkins, for library.....	20 00
Miniature Bethel of the Seventh Presbyterian Church S. S., balance for a library.....	10 00
Captain Raye, schooner <i>Mary F. Pike</i> , of Eastport, Me., for library work.....	1 00
Schenectady, First Presbyterian Ch., W. A. Pearson's class in Sunday School, Senior Department, for library.....	20 00
Tarrytown, Mrs. H. F. Lombard ....	10 00

#### NEW JERSEY.

Chatham, on account of legacy of Phebe Crane, deceased, late of Chatham, per Stephen H. Ward, executor.....	1,000 00
Hackensack, First Presbyterian Ch. ....	6 00
Newark, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church Sunday School for library	20 00
Plainfield, Mrs. Charles F. Pond ....	5 00
Miss Laura Boorman.....	5 00

#### PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Henry Binley, applied on account of work at Yokohama, Japan.....	25 00
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#### OHIO.

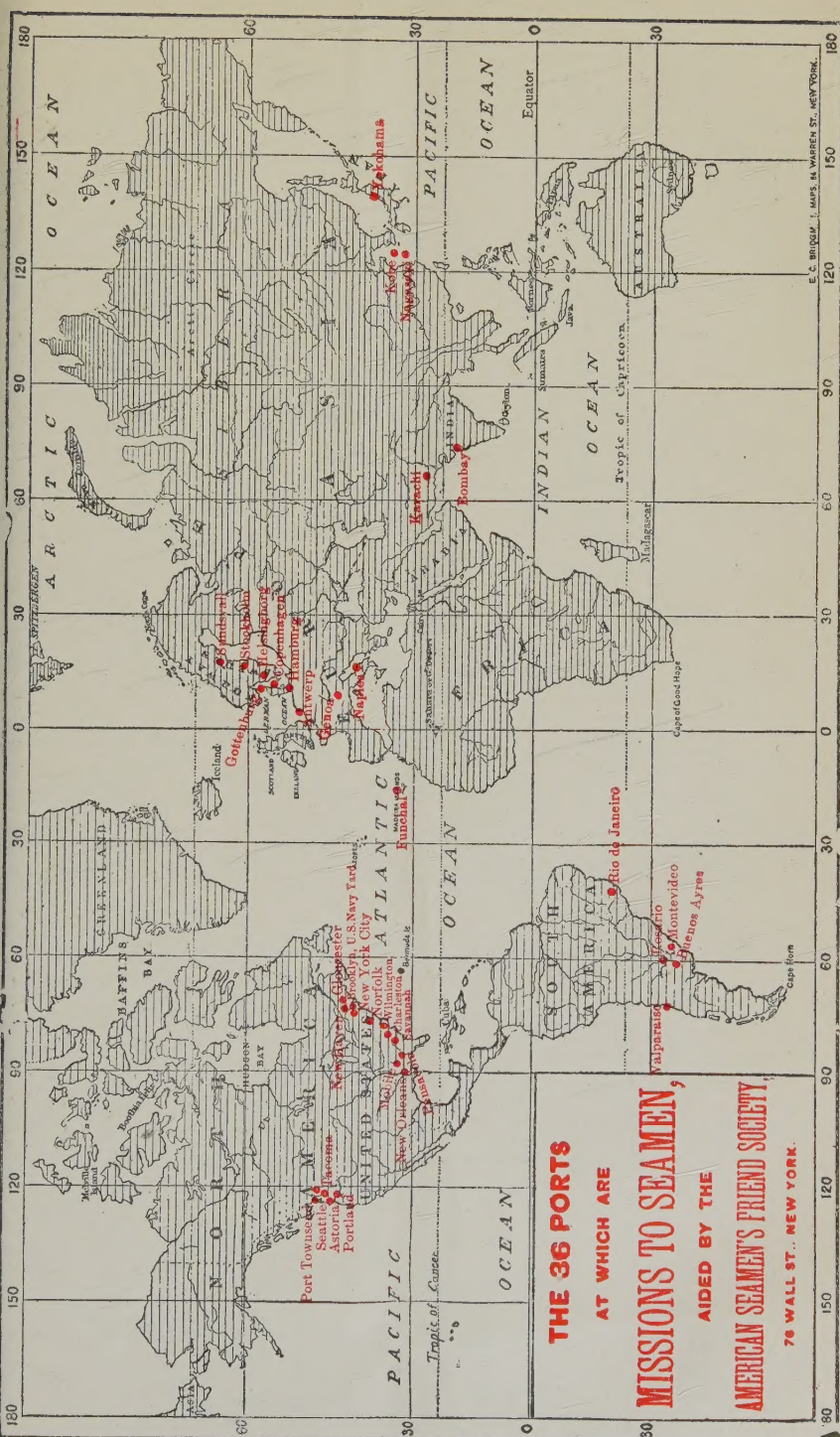
Dayton, First Presbyterian Church Sunday School, balance for a library.....	10 00
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#### ENGLAND.

Bristol, Miss E. M. Macy.....	1 01
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\$1,789 27





## THE 36 PORTS

AT WHICH ARE

**MISSIONS TO SEAMEN,**

AIDED BY THE

**AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.**

76 WALL ST., NEW YORK.





# INFORMATION FOR SEAMEN.

## LIST OF MISSIONS AIDED BY THIS SOCIETY.

SWEDEN, Helsingborg.....	K. I. Berg.
" Stockholm.....	J. T. Hedstrom.
" Sundsvall.....	Rev. E. Eriksson.
" Gottenburg.....	Christian Nielsen.
DENMARK, Copenhagen.....	Rev. A. Wollesen.
GERMANY, Hamburg.....	British & American Sailors' Inst., H. M. Sharpe.
BELGIUM, Antwerp.....	Antwerp Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. J. Adams.
ITALY, Genoa.....	Genoa Harbor Mission, Rev. Donald Miller.
" Naples.....	Naples Harbor Mission, Rev. T. Johnstone Irving.
INDIA, Bombay.....	Seamen's Rest, F. Wood, Superintendent.
" Karachi.....	Rev. W. H. Dowling.
JAPAN, Yokohama.....	Rev. W. T. Austen.
" Kobe.....	Edward Makeham.
" Nagasaki.....	John Makins.
CHILE, Valparaiso.....	Rev. Frank Thompson.
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, Buenos Ayres.....	Buenos Ayres Sailors' Home & Miss. G. L. Chamberlain
" Rosario.....	Rosario Sailors' Home & Mission, F. Ericsson.
URUGUAY, Montevideo.....	Sailors' Home and Mission, Rev. G. P. Howard.
MADEIRA, Funchal.....	Mission to Sailors & Sailors' Rest, Rev. W. G. Smart.
MASSACHUSETTS, Gloucester.....	Gloucester Fishermen's Inst., Rev. E. C. Chariton.
CONNECTICUT, New Haven.....	Woman's Sea, Friend Soc'y of Connecticut, Rev.
NEW YORK, New York City.....	Capt. Wm. Dollar. [John O. Bergh.
" Brooklyn, U. S. Navy Yard.....	Rev. G. B. Cutler.
VIRGINIA, Norfolk.....	Norfolk Port Society, Rev. J. B. Merritt.
NORTH CAROLINA, Wilmington.....	Wilmington Port Society, Rev. A. D. McClure.
SOUTH CAROLINA, Charleston.....	Charleston Port Society.
FLORIDA, Pensacola.....	Pensacola Port Society, Henry C. Cushman.
GEORGIA, Savannah.....	Savannah Port Society, H. Iverson.
ALABAMA, Mobile.....	Mobile Port Society, Rev. R. A. Mickle.
TEXAS, Galveston.....	Galveston Port Society, John F. Sarner, Chaplain.
LOUISIANA, New Orleans.....	New Orleans Port Society, James Sherrard.
OREGON, Portland.....	Portland Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Rev. A. Robinson.
" Astoria.....	Rev. J. McCormack.
WASHINGTON, Tacoma.....	Tacoma Seamen's Friend Soc'y, Rev. R. S. Stubbs.
" Seattle.....	Seattle Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. Thos. Rees.
" Port Townsend.....	Pt. Townsend Sea, Friend Society, C. L. Terry.

## Directory of Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 104 Market St	Seamen's Aid Society.....	James F. Slaughter.
BOSTON, Mass., N. Sq., Mariners' House	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	Capt. J. P. Hatch.
" Phineas Stowe Sea. Home...	Lad. Beth. Soc., S. N. Bennet St.	George C. Smith.
" Charlestown, 46 Water St..	Episcopal City Mission.....	S. H. King, Supt.
" East Boston, 120 Marginal St..	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	James M. Battles, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, Mass., 14 Bethel Court.	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	E. Williams.
NEW YORK, N. Y., 190 Cherry Street..	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	F. Alexander, Lessee.
" 52 Market St.....	Scandinavian Sailors' Home.	H. Smith.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., 172 Carroll St.....	Finnish Luth. Sea. Home..	Capt. C. Ullenars, Supt.
" 112 First Place.....	Penn.	Capt. R. S. Lippincott.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 422 South Front St.	Port Miss., Woman's Aux'y	Miss Ellen Brown
BALTIMORE, Md., 418 South Ann Street	Wilmington Port Society...	Thomas Hansen, Suj. t.
" 1737 Thames St.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society	Mr. Christofferson.
WILMINGTON, N. C., Front & Dock Sts.	Ladies' Sea. Frnd Society.	Capt. H. G. Cordes.
CHARLESTON, S. C., 44 Market St.....	N. O. Sea. Friend Society...	
MOBILE, Ala.....	S. F. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	Capt. Melvin Staples.
NEW ORLEANS, La.....	Portland Sea. Frnd Soc'y.	Rev. A. Robinson.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society	Rev. J. O. Bergh, Supt.
PORTLAND, Ore.....		
NEW HAVEN, Conn.....		

## MARINERS' CHURCHES.

Location.	Aided by	Missionaries.
PORTLAND, Me., Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Frnd Soc'y..	Rev. F. Southworth.
BOSTON, Mass., 332 Hanover St.....	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" A. S. Gilbert.
" Bethel, 287 Hanover St.....	Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" S. S. Nickerson.
" East Boston Bethel.....	Methodist.....	" L. B. Bates.
" 120 Marginal Street.....	Episcopal City Mission.....	" W. T. Crocker.
GLOUCESTER, Mass., 6 Duncan St.....	Gloucester Fish'men's Inst.	" E. C. Chariton.
NEW BEDFORD, Mass.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" E. Williams.
NEW HAVEN, Conn. Bethel, 61 Water	Woman's Sea. Friend Soc'y	" John O. Bergh.
NEW YORK, N. Y. Catharine c. Madison	New York Port Society....	" Samuel Boul.
" 128 Charlton Street.....	" W. S. Branch	Mr. John McCormack.
" 34 Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	Rev. A. R. Mansfield.
" 665 Washington Street.....	The Sea. Christian Ass'n...	" Stafford Wright.
" No. 341 West Street, N. B.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" W. A. A. Gardiner.
" 21 Coenties Slip.....	Finnish Lutheran Sea. Ch..	" Isaac Maguire.
" 53 Beaver St.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society...	" V. K. Durchman.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard...	Dan. Ev. Luth. Sea. Miss'n.	" G. B. Cutler.
" 193 9th Street, near 3rd Avenue..	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" R. Andersen.
" Erie Basin.....	Nor. Luth. Sea. Mission....	" Isaac Maguire.
" Scandinavian Seamen's Church,	Presbyterian.....	" Jakob Bo.
" William St., near Richard St....	Episcopal.....	" H. F. Lee.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., c. Front & Union..	Baptist.....	" Francis W. Burch.
" N. W. cor. Front and Queen Sts..	Methodist.....	" W. Downey.
" Front Street, above Navy Yard...	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y	" E. N. Harris.
" Washington Ave. and Third St.	Port Mission.....	" G. W. Heyde.
PORT MISSIONARY, 1420 Chestnut St.	Port Mission.....	" Mr. K. S. Willis, Mr. S. Olsen.
BALTIMORE, Md., Aliceanna & Bethel Sts	Norfolk Sea. Frnd Soc'y..	Rev. J. B. Merritt.
" No. 815 S. Broadway.....	Wilmington Port Society...	" A. D. McClure.
NORFOLK, Va., Water St., near Madison	Charleston Port Society...	" H. Iverson.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y..	Mr. Henry C. Cushman.
CHARLESTON, S. C., 44 & 46 Market St.	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Rev. R. A. Mickle.
SAVANNAH, Ga.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Mr. James Sherrard.
PENSACOLA, Fla.....	Presbyterian.....	Rev. J. Rowell.
MOBILE, Ala., Church St., near Water	San Francisco Port Society	" A. Robinson.
NEW ORLEANS, La., Fulton & Jackson.	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....		
PORTLAND, Ore.....		



# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 76 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1838—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1838.

JAMES W. ELWELL, *President.*

CHAS. A. STODDARD, D.D., *Vice-President.*

W. C. STITT, D.D., *Secretary.*

WILLIAM C. STURGES, *Treasurer.*

## BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

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83 Wall Street, New York.

SAMUEL ROWLAND.

47 Water Street, New York.

FREDERICK STURGES.

76 Wall Street, New York.

GEORGE BELL.

68 South Street, New York.

WILLIAM C. STURGES.

76 Wall Street, New York.

DAVID GILLESPIE.

Morristown, N. J.

EDGAR L. MARSTON.

33 Wall Street, New York.

CHAS. A. STODDARD, D.D.

156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WM. E. STIGER.

155 Broadway, New York.

DANIEL BARNES.

76 Wall Street, New York.

A. GIFFORD AGNEW.

23 West 39th Street, New York.

W. HALL ROPES.

76 Wall Street, New York.

NORMAN FOX, D.D.

Morristown, N. J.

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EDWARD B. COE, D.D., LL.D.

42 West 52nd Street, New York.

ENOS N. TAFT.

76 Wall Street, New York.

JAMES W. ELWELL.

47 South Street, New York.

ELBERT A. BRINCKERHOFF.

109 Duane Street, New York.

CHARLES K. WALLACE.

203 Produce Exchange, New York.

A. G. VEEMILYE, D.D.

Englewood, N. J.

JEROME E. MORSE, U. S. N.

129 St. James Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FREDERICK T. SHERMAN.

265 Henry Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

**ARTICLE II, (of the Constitution).—**The object of this Society shall be to improve the social and moral condition of seamen, by uniting the efforts of the wise and good in their behalf; by promoting in every port Boarding Houses of good character, Savings' Banks, Register offices, Libraries, Museums, Reading Rooms, and Schools; and also the ministrations of the gospel, and other religious blessings.

**CHAPLAINS.**—In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, CHILE, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLANDS, ICELAND, SWEDEN, NORWAY, DENMARK, GERMANY, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, FRANCE, ITALY, and INDIA. A list of the chaplains, who will always be ready to befriend the sailor, is given on the preceding page.

**LOAN LIBRARIES.**—An important part of the Society's work, and one greatly blessed of God to the good of seamen, is that of placing on board ships going to sea, libraries composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it is communicated as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society up to April 1, 1898, was 10,479. Calculating 12,305 reshipments, their 557,685 volumes have been accessible to more than 398,215 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools. Twenty dollars furnishes a library.

**THE SAILORS' HOME,** No. 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property of this Society, and is leased under careful, judicious restrictions. It is unsurpassed in comfort by any Sailors' Home in the world; its moral and religious influences cannot be fully estimated, but many seamen have there been led to Christ. Destitute, shipwrecked seamen are provided for at the HOME. A missionary of the Society resides in the HOME, and religious and temperance meetings are held daily. The Lessee receives and cares for the savings of his sailor guests and a large amount has thus been saved to seamen and their families.

A list of the Society's periodicals will be found on the second page of the cover of this MAGAZINE.